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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THEODORE THOMAS.

ESSEN, GERMANY, OCTOBER 11, 1835—CHICAGO, U. S. A., JANUARY 4, 1905.

"God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.'

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1905. NUMBER 20

The New Year.

Comes a ship full-freighted with treasure,
  Comes sailing from over the sea—
The year with its measureless bounty
  Comes freighted with treasure for me.

They tell of the land whence it cometh,
  The wonderful Realm of the Real—
No mind can conceive of its riches,
  No word can their beauty reveal.

I cannot say what it will bring me,
  Nor have I the wisdom to choose—
The thing my life needs to complete it
  I might in my blindness refuse.

I know it comes laden with wonder,
  I know it will bring me surprise—
Gift fairer than what I could pray for
  Secure in its holding there lies.

And so with the spirit of gladness
  I wait for my own to appear—
The ship that comes freighted with treasure,
  The swift-coming ship of the year.

* * *

The *Review of Reviews* fittingly characterizes Orlando J. Smith's recent book entitled "Balance," published by the Houghton, Mifflin Co., as an attempt "to show that religion and science stand on the same rock, and that the law of compensation will explain away many philosophical difficulties." This recognition will be still more effective in clearing away the prejudices and ethical confusions of life.

The papers report the new Broadway tabernacle in New York City as a "sky-scraping temple." The building is to cost one million dollars and is to be ten stories in height, with electric elevators, safety vaults, gymnasium, amusement, reading, and dramatic rooms. When wealth recognizes its opportunity and religion receives its proportion of support and faces the complexity of the new life, there will be more such churches. Some things very important will find their solutions on these lines.

Surgeon General Wyman of the Marine Hospital service, has sounded an alarm concerning the plush seats and tapestry hangings in the Pullman cars. He finds these the hospitable sheltering places to disease germs, and demands, for sanitary reasons, hard surfaces that can be readily cleaned. There are other microbes than those of tuberculosis that menace the upholsterings of life. Luxuriousness breeds disease, spiritual as well as physical. Perhaps souls are more menaced than bodies by the padding and upholstering that represent the New Year's investments of material prosperity.

We have often commended to our readers the organ of the New York charity organization society which appears weekly under the name of *Charities*. The issue of January 7th is a "Campaign for Childhood number," which gives exhaustive accounts of the juvenile court and other new social devices. This for the child problem has been regarded as peculiar to large cities, but it must soon be regarded as a rural and national question as well as a municipal question? Probate courts, county boards, town supervisors, and emphatically public school superintendents should know the contents of this number and push their studies along these lines.

Last Sunday morning papers set forth in display head lines the fact that the Building Employes' Union was planning for worship places where workers and hirers would be invited to worship together, where the only creed would be peace. This may be a newspaper sensation. The editorial head line that said "The promoters believe common communion will solve the industrial problem" is of course going too far, but we will not believe that the scheme is wholly utopian, unless it be that utopian schemes are most desirable and in the long run most practical. We do believe that the sharp antagonisms and bitter enmities generated by industrial wars can be ameliorated and ultimately will be obliterated through the benignant influence of religion. When the labor unions will invite their employers to sing hymns with them, and, *vice versa,* the employers will ask their employes to join in singing hymns and to consecrate their deliberations with the devout ritual that confesses the brotherhood of man and the common fatherhood of God, all the obstacles will be overcome and the right way, the just way will be discovered.

In the death of Theodore Thomas Chicago has lost its foremost citizen and the nation has lost a high-priest. To compose great music is a rare and high gift, but to interpret the same music in such a way as to compel even the untrained ear to feel its power, to make the works of the great tone-masters liturgical, is perhaps a still higher gift. This was pre-eminently the gift of Theodore Thomas. He compelled the irreverent to bend the knee; the flippant to grow serious, the cold to grow ardent. Chicago did well in supporting Theodore Thomas as it did; it did itself credit in building for him a hall which we will hope will bear his name, but still Chicago poorly utilized the great gifts. That was always made a class privilege which ought to be the most democratic opportunity of a city. The prices were prohibitive except to the wealthy and to those who were sufficiently developed to make the sacrifice. We cannot see how it could have been otherwise as a private venture, but Theodore Thomas ought to have been a public investment, a municipal contribution to the public life of the city. Let those who have been taught by the great band-master the

elevating power of a great orchestra justify their great endowment, show their appreciation, acknowledge their debt by paying it forward, as all high debts must be paid. Great music should be made as cheap as good air and pure water in a city as great as Chicago.

The *Literary Digest* for January 7th has an interesting compilation illustrating the Jewish attitude towards Jesus. Rabbi Enelow of Louisville, Kentucky, urged his people to celebrate Christmas "as inculcating the noblest and holiest tenets of all true religion." Dr. Porges, a conservative Rabbi of Leipsic, is quoted as saying that to the conscientious Jew "Jesus has become a figure of the highest order in the history of religion." Dr. Jastrow of the Pennsylvania University anticipates "the leading hope for reconciliation between Judaism and Christianity when once the teachings of Jesus shall have become the axioms of human conduct." Dr. Singer rejoices in the fact that "Advanced Jewish theologians of the type of Dr. Kohler and Dr. Hirsch will continue tearing down walls of separation between the children of the same father." Dr. Hirsch in a recent Christmas address justified the Christmas joys of Jews on account of the ante-Christian roots of the festival. Christmas is of cosmic rather than of Christian origin. All these are but signs of the times, of the slow but sure growth of fellowship.

Augustine Birrell has taken a hand in discussing the situation of the Scottish Free Church. As quoted in the *Literary Digest* he says, "To pin the church of 1904 down to the language of 1643 is ridiculous. People who subscribe funds to churches in perpetuity must take their chances. A guinea subscription does not enable you to dictate to posterity. Creeds pass; rites change; no altar standeth alone."

Nicodemean Reformers in Religion.

Nicodemus evidently made a forceful impression upon the mind of the author of the Gospel of St. John. Nicodemus was a man of position, a Pharisee and a ruler among Jews; Jesus called him a "teacher of Israel," and we first find him coming by night to interview the out-spoken radical. He calls Jesus "Rabbi"; he frankly confesses that he is a "teacher come from God." So searching and frank are his questions that Jesus discusses with him the profound verities of the spiritual life. Nicodemus next appears in the wake of an incipient mob, he cautiously suggests that no man should be accused without a hearing. In order to be sure that we might identify this ruler who received the taunt, "Art thou also Galilee?" the writer tells us that this same Nicodemus was "he that came to him before, being one of them." The third and last time he appears in the story as bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, a hundred-pound weight, with which to fittingly prepare the body of the crucified one for the burial. Again we are reminded here that it is the same Nicodemus "who at first came to him by night."

Evidently Nicodemus was a thoughtful, conscientious, earnest man; one with an open mind and a sensitive spirit, but all of which is tempered with caution. We need not think of this night caller as a coward. Perhaps in a final test he would have proven himself, the hero of an occasion; neither need we think of him as a temporizer, for when the time seemed to him opportune, he spoke his mind and did the deed. Rather, Nicodemus appears as one of the "careful" men; he is a type of the sagacious in politics, the prudent in religion, the man who "waits on the logic of events"; who believes that one had "better go slow," that the "truth had better not be told at all times." In politics he believes that a straight line is not necessarily the shortest distance between two points; in religious matters he believes in "psychological moments" and waits for them. He "works quietly"; he "waits his opportunity"; he "will not spoil things by rashness"; he "bides his time"; he never says anything he does not believe, but does not feel called upon to say everything he does believe, even concerning fundamentals.

Nicodemus has always been an important element in the affairs of the state and the church. Erasmus-like, Nicodemus is a conformist rather than a protestant; he is conservative in form, though radical in thought.

The historian may easily establish the thesis that progress is more indebted to Nicodemus, the twilight friends, than to the fishermen disciples who promptly stand up to be counted in the broad daylight. As an economic proposition it would not be difficult to maintain that the Reformation came more through Erasmus than through Luther.

Perhaps there never was a time when the Nicodemean reformer in religion was so much in evidence as today. There seems to be little occasion for revolt or even protest; more occasion for sagacity and prudence. Forty years ago the religious atmosphere of America tingled with the plain utterances of Theodore Parker, O. B. Frothingham, Starr King and the scarcely less clear protests of such men as Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher on this side of the water and Colenso, Stanley, Matthew Arnold and Canon Farrar on the other side. Thirty years ago the Free Religious Association of Boston was a religious sensation. The denominational papers gave it publicity if for no other reason than for the sake of promptly refuting its position and to herald the dangers connected therewith. In 1893 the Parliament of Religions developed a sunburst of courage at least, and men of the most conservative professions came into the sunshine of the larger fellowship. Out of the courage there engendered there followed a year later a day-light attempt to perpetuate that spirit, to demonstrate that on occasion and in the interest of things held in common it would be not only safe but profitable for Jew and Christian, orthodox and liberal, Presbyterian and Ethical Culturist, to come together and to bespeak the common ties in the vernacular of common life. In the same spirit but with a geographical caution the New York Conference of Religion was conceived. With great care it canvassed its territory, enlisted its supporters, and the earlier meetings were widely reported.

Today a spirit, not of cowardice but of prudence, seems to have taken possession of the "advanced thinkers" in all denominations. So while there has been no

reaction in thought, no growing fear of science or scholarly criticism, no diminishing belief in the universalities of religion, but, shall we say, a growing anxiety for the comfort and prosperity within lines that mean but little to the many who respect the timidities and solicitations of the many more.

The perplexities of the ministers of religion seem to be shifting today from the problems of thought to problems of utterance. Forty years ago and less the question was, in the creed-bound churches, "Dare I think?" Now the question is, "Dare I publish all the result of my thinking?"

Does there not seem to be in the religious press and pulpit something very like a conspiracy of silence and hesitation, of prudence in suppressing discussion rather than in inviting it? Ministerial coteries go off by themselves to discuss these great questions; ministerial clubs from which reporters are excluded and a frankness indulged in with the understanding that utterances are "not for publication." In every denomination, the moulding, leading brain, is progressive, but there are many night callers, believing that with "wisdom" the whole "denomination" will quietly move along and some day find itself emancipated.

All these reflections have been called forth by the quiet way in which the last meeting of the New York Conference of Religion seems to have been passed over, neglected, overlooked, by the current religious press. Even the *Outlook,* which would naturally be the great organ of such coming-together, dismisses the rich program in about five hundred words, and even UNITY who delights in heralding such meetings, found "no friend at court" with sufficient leisure to send even that much. And so, in this belated fashion UNITY must content itself for the present in reprinting in another column the *Outlook's* report of a conference which we believe to be the most significant and by far the most important gathering of the season.

The Nicodemean method has its advantges but it has its great dangers. Is it not partly responsible for that loss of leadership on the part of the churches and the still more serious loss of virile recruits in the ministry, which was so forcefully set forth in the article on "The Decline of the Ministry" in *The World's Work* for December, and which has been the object of so much comment. We had hoped much from this New York Conference as a popular object lesson in fraternity; it has accomplished much in this direction and is to accomplish more, but it will be regretted if it should become an academic rather than a popular movement; a thing for university towns in which professors rather than preachers take the leading part; for the demand today in religion is a demonstration of the conclusions of the Study. The cultivated preachers in all denominations are reading the same books. The Unitarian finds that the latest and clearest contributions to the higher criticism come from the orthodox theological schools of Europe and America, and the Presbyterian delights in such books as enforce the conditions of the spiritual life, the religion of the social compact written by heretics. And still, these are too much evening interviews; they stand apart in the work-a-day world. One or two exchanges across orthodox lines have occurred; let more follow. In Chicago an attempt to organize a ministerial fraternity on absolutely inclusive lines failed because it was too inclusive, but an attempt to organize the conservative elements, with Jonah overboard, proved as ineffectual. If the ministry is to regain a lost virility and if the church is to assume again its ethical and spiritual leadership in the community, it must not trust too much to the prudence of Nicodemus, who did not bring his tribute to the feet of his Master until all the danger was past; then it was one hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes for the embalming of the crucified one.

Dr. Abbott and Evolution.

The position taken by Dr. Lyman Abbott at Cambridge is only a more complete formulation of what some of us have supposed to be his views for some years past. It is the only outcome and landing place for any man who is honest in his belief, and strives neither to deceive himself nor the public. The doctrine of Creation is utterly inadequate to satisfy a mind trained in the modern school of science. It ends in a chaos of creative purposes, thwarted by created creatures; followed by an eternal struggle on the part of the Creator to amend a shattered Divine plan. An English bishop is driven to this summation of the doctrine: "The world was fitted up for man's occupancy, with adequate means, inherent or *supplemented,* to meet all his needs." Any sane thinker will be excused for declining to accept any creative plan as explaining the universe, if it must be "supplemented." On the other hand evolution undertakes to explain the universe, as without origin, but showing sustained progress through all the past, and containing pledges of eternal betterment for all the future.

The only answers possible are those which are just now liberally flung at Dr. Abbott. The first of these is "Your doctrine is pantheism." Is pantheism any cruder, in its very worst phases, than dualism? But I prefer to answer this charge in the words of another Dr. Abbott, Francis Abbott, in that superb little volume Scientific Theism. "If the glorious thought of a universe, in which the adoring Kepler might well exclaim, in awe unspeakable, 'O God I think Thy thoughts after thee!'—a universe which is the eternally objecti-field Divine Idea, illumining the human intellect, inspiring the human conscience, warming the human heart; if this glorious thought, begotten of science, has no power to stir the depths of the human soul, and lift it up to the sublimest hights of worship and self-consecration, to the service of the Most High, then religion is dead indeed, and the light of the universe is gone out forever. But, if this thought has a divine force in itself to soothe the woes of life, and minister new strength to the soul faltering in the path of painful duty, then religion is not dead, but will rise from its bier at the commanding word of science." Mr. Abbott further concludes that if the assertion that "All is God and God is the All" is pantheism, then pantheism affords a rational satisfaction to a logical intellect, which cannot come from that dualism which separates

spirit and matter, as two incomprehensibly-related substances, eternally alien to each other, and mutually hostile. The second answer hurled at Dr. Abbott is "Your doctrine denies the absolute inspiration of Scripture. It is anti-biblical." This is at the best a childish answer. But then it *is* Biblical—that is it agrees with the pinnacles of the Scriptures. Paul says "There is one God, over all, through all, and interpenetrating all—in whom we live and move and have our being." I give the translation of Prof. Seelye. If this is not pantheism, then the position taken by Dr. Abbott is free from that charge. A third reply is to this effect: "If there be no Creator whence came everything?" We answer if there be a Creator, where did He come from? It is just as easy to assume the finality of Order as of an Orderer.

In other words we find the old view of an Adam, created by a personal, extra-natural Deity, confronted by an antagonistic theory, that accounts for the world by natural life evolution. On the one side is asserted a universe of matter, created from nothing, by a pre-existing deity. On the other hand is asserted a vital and moral force, eternally working in a substantial universe—working continuous progressive changes; man being, so far as our vision goes, the final and highest product. The older theory accounts for the universe, for life, for species, for religion, for the Bible, on supernatural grounds; but the latter theory bluntly affirms that it can account for all things as purely natural processes. The orthodox view affirms (1) God extra-natural; creating something from nothing; doing this not eternally but at a certain time. Dean Burgeon says that the mystery is why God should have said to himself, at a certain specific time, Let us make something. (2) The created revolt; the Creator gets angry and revenges himself implacably. (3) The Creator writes a book. Henceforth the created cannot find or see Him in Nature, but in the Book—the only revelation. Agassiz said "I hold the *work* of God to be as great a revelation as the *word* of God." (4) The Creator will damn you if you do not see Him in the Book; He does not care whether you see him in his work or not. In fact, previous to all Creation, He had doomed a large part of His intelligent creatures to eternal torment for unbelief in the Book. (5) Attached to all this, comes the complex tangle of Book interpretations, ultimating in theologies innumerable—theologies conflicting—each theology claiming the Creator as its special possession.

This whole problem followed instantly on the publication of Darwin's Descent of Man, and Mr. Spencer's Philosophy of Evolution. The battle was on us forty years ago. Some of us felt the absolute necessity of readjusting ourselves and our preaching to modern science. My own ministry grew to be a blind terror, until after years of trembling, and yet sincere study, I emerged a happy evolutionist. My object in writing "Our Heredity from God" was to aid those who, having lost faith in authoritative revelation, must be driven to that revelation of eternal life and truth which is steadily unfolded to us by science. A half-way position is unsatisfactory, both to the preacher and to his auditors. Nothing has been gained and nothing will be gained by subterfuge. Yet assuredly a man should hold his tongue until he has thought this matter through (thorough). He must know his final landing place; not be driven to it. In this we agree with Dr. Abbott. It is to be hoped that a generation will now take charge of religious evolution, delivered alike from ancient superstitions and from modern cowardice. We must see clearly and affirm boldly (1) All things are that ever were, but (2) All things have moved onward and upward with an eternal purposiveness for betterment. (3) Man is the present sublimation of that Will that works for rightness, without end. (4) Degeneration is the failure to cooperate with the Divine Purpose. (5) The union of Will with Love—aiming nobly, places man in the category of child with an infinitely loving Father. Evolution as science, is the science of One Nature; as philosophy it is the philosophy of One in Nature.

E. P. Powell.

New York State Conference of Religion.

The fifth annual meeting of the New York State Conference of Religion was held at Syracuse early this month by invitation of church pastors and members of the University Faculty, representing in all ten religious denominations. These annual meetings are held in the university towns, last year in Ithaca, next year in Rochester, from which place an invitation as representative as that of Syracuse has already come. The Conference, at present the most inclusive religious organization in the State, proposes to promote the junction of all religious forces to make common cause against the moral anarchy and the moral apathy that a variety of witnesses attest. This purpose was exemplified in the proceedings of the recent meeting. Professor Shaw, of New York University, gave a brilliant address on "The Spirit of Modern Religious Thought." Professor Fagnani, of Union Seminary, spoke of "The Cause of Jesus as a Unifying Principle." Dr. Moxom, of Springfield, Massachusetts, affirmed "The Insufficiency of Religious Toleration." "Religion as a Vocation and as an Avocation" was presented by Rabbi Meyer, of Albany. Mr. Percival Chubb, associate leader of the New York Society for Ethical Culture, took for his subject, "Moral Barbarism;" and Mr. Homer W. Folks, secretary of the State Charities Aid Association, emphasized "The Education of the Social Conscience." "Moral Crisis and Revival" was discussed by Dr. Whiton, of The Outlook; and "Religious Patriotism" by the Rev. Leighton Williams, of Amity Baptist church, New York. Most of these addresses were followed by a spirited discussion, and will appear in connection therewith in the serial publications of the Conference, to be obtained by addressing the secretary, the Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy, of Mount Vernon, New York. During the past year the Conference has held four local meetings in Greater New York, both in church and synangogue, and welcomes invitations to hold such meetings elsewhere also. The union prayer-meetings in which Roman Catholic, Jew and Protestant drew together at the recent Peace Congress showed how a great cause draws together men of discrepant religious forms in a common religious interest. No greater cause can appeal to religious men with that unifying effect than the present need of a moral revival throughout American society, and such conferences as that at Syracuse point to the right way.

—*From The Outlook, of Dec. 31, 1904.*

THE PULPIT.

New Songs for Life.

A SERMON BY REV. FREDERIC E. DEWHURST.

PREACHED IN UNIVERSITY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, DEC. 11, 1904.

"Sing unto the Lord a new Song."—Psalm 149:1.

There is something elemental in song. It represents the deep and vast contentment of the soul. "If you see deep enough," Carlyle declared, "you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it."

In fact music is so elemental that it lies far back of the advent of man. It is in the very structure of the world itself. Here is the organ. What a wonderful instrument it is! It was made by human hands. It is played by human hands. But man did not put the music into the organ. The skill of man counts for much, because, as Stradivarius says in the poem, "God could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins without Antonio." But the music is in the resonant wood which through countless years has gathered up, in the fibre and grain of growing trees, the harmonies that are somewhere hidden in the bosom of the world. The music is in the metal, which for ages lay buried in the earth, and which, before ever man appeared, heard the footsteps of God, and gathered up into its structure the harmonies which as yet there was no ear to hear. The organ-maker and the organ-player would be utterly helpless unless this elemental music of the world had first been deposited in the vibrant wood and metal which compose the pipes of the organ. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

Some years ago a great American musician stood by the falls of Niagara and listened until, beneath the chaotic and monotonous din of the waters, his sensitive ear caught the rhythm, and made out the musical intervals which that mighty cataract has been singing through all time. He wrote these upon the musical staff, so that the organ or the human voice may reproduce them, and you can say, This is how Niagara sings. Everything has its keynote. Even this great building, this mass of stone and steel and wood, has hidden in its heart its own keynote, and when the organ touches that note, the very walls of the church throw off their silence, and begin to vibrate, as though they were saying—"You have touched my heart, and I must break forth into song."

But we must come back to things more human, for what we began to say was that song represents the deep and vast contentment of the soul. As Kingsley said, "meter and rhythm are the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace; they represent the self-possessed and victorious temper of one who has so far subdued nature as to be able to hear her universal music."

Song is the revelation of contentment. When the child sings, or the man, or the race, it is because they held a free, contented, constructive relation to life; because they are at home where they are. When the song ceases, when the free, objective relation to life is lost, and the introspective habit is taken on, when men look inward more than they look outward, it means that the particular world which they had constructed, and about which they sang, has tumbled down; doubt, and difficulty and disaster have torn it to pieces; the storm and stress of life have clouded the sunlight. Then at length out of the wreck a new world begins to grow—and when man finds himself able to interpret at length the new world of his experience which grows more vast and stately with each advance, he sings again—sings "a new song unto the Lord."

I.

By taking a few rapid strides over the course which man has come I am sure we shall get some striking confirmations of the fact before us. Take, first the testimony of the world's really great literature. When men mark off the epochs of literature they do it by naming the mountain-tops. They step from peak to peak. They speak of the Homeric age, the age of Dante, and the age of Shakespeare. Let us take these three names, for a moment, as typical, and note how they bear witness to the fact that the great poetry of the world portrays man in a constructive relation to things. It is so, conspicuously in Homer who represents the early poetry, and who has been called "the bird of the dawn with the holy candor of the morning" on his lips. Victor Hugo said of Homer: "All the depth of ancient days moves radiant and luminous in the vast azure of his mind."

It seems almost a pity that Homer has been so completely relegated to the college class-room as a provocative of intellectual discipline that we cease to read him afterward for the pure delight in his poetry, to shake the weariness from the flesh, and the sophistication from our minds. It is a noteworthy fact that one of the most charming translations of the Odyssey into rhythmical English prose was made by a professor of philosophy in Harvard University, who turns gratefully from the reflective and introspective life, to the poet whom he calls "the great friend who for twenty-five years has shown me the beauty of himself and of the world." Now the Homeric world was not very large, estimated by the standards of today. There was much men did not then understand, much they feared; and the underworld of the dead sent them few rays of hope. How dense and dark that region was! But this upper world was a region of light and joy. They accepted it with frank delight. There was an eager, buoyant, unreflective reality about the world in which they lived, and this they turned into song. The name of Homer is the personification of the musical childhood of the race.

The highest peak in the next great mountain range is Dante. What amazing contrast between the age of Homer and the age of Dante! One of our own writers says of Michelangelo's statue of the slave:

"That suffering smile were never fashioned so,
"Before the world had wakened to a soul."

Now this was the case with Dante's world, and with Dante himself. They had "wakened to a soul." It would seem now as if the inner life and the spiritual world were the only worthy objects of contemplation. This stern Florentine, weighted with the woes and sins of his time, feeling the horror of a profligate age, takes you down with him into the very depths of hell, and through the cleansing fires of purgatory, and then led on by the beatific vision, takes you with him to the heights of paradise. This world of which Dante writes is a world strangely unlike our own, so much unlike it that except to a few gifted minds the "Divine Comedy" remains foreign and remote. Yet it is easy to see, at even a passing glance, that Dante was building up a world for the spiritual life of his time, that he was interpreting Christianity under the forms of the great Roman ecclesiasticism, and when he was done he had a world that satisfied him, a world of which he could sing a new song.

It has been said with truth that in spite of himself this song of Dante was the "euthanasia" of the Middle ages. "In spite of the horrors of his Inferno which are the poetic reflection of the superstitious terrors of a half-barbarous age, and in spite of the monastic austerity and purity of his Paradise of light and music,

which is like a glorified edition of the services of the Church, Dante interprets the religion of the cloister in such a way as to carry us beyond it. His Divine Comedy may be compared to the portal of a great cathedral through which we emerge from the dim, religious light of the Middle Ages into the open day of the modern world, but emerge with the imperishable memories of form and color on which we had been gazing, and with the organ notes that lifted our souls to heaven still sounding in our ears."

Then from Dante to Shakespeare what a stride! With Homer you are on the summit of Olympus, in the clear light of the classic age. With Dante you wander amid Gothic aisles dim with religious light. With Shakespeare you are out in the open again, moving in the splendid pageantry of the Renaissance. Shakespeare is the blithesome interpreter of this great, wonderful, outward world, which for a time it seemed had gone forever from the interests of men. Whatever there is in the world for man to see or hear, to smell or taste, whatever there is for him to love or hate, whatever may stir his ambition or his pity, whatever he may dream about, or gossip over, or reflect upon, Shakespeare knows it, and from the countless facets of that mind of genius the light sparkles and scintillates. Truly it was a "new song" that Shakespeare was born to sing. It was a wonderful new world which he made the subject of his song, and when he sang, men knew that this world and the glory of it were their own.

Now before we pass on to another path of enquiry, it is interesting to stop long enough to ask the question, Where in this unbroken range of elevated expression are men to find once more the peak which shall tower aloft in such preëminence as these of the past? We are now separated from Shakespeare by an interval of time almost exactly equal to that which separated Shakespeare from Dante; and we are almost as far away in the ruling motive and interests of life. Who then is to give an adequate interpretation of these interests and motives? Who is to turn the age into song, and make men conscious and joyous possessors of the world in which they live? The thing that strikes terror to the heart when we stop to think about it long enough is that the world is not singing at its task today. It is brooding over problems, it is complaining over conditions, it is sometimes bearing the burden with an awful and significant silence,—it is doing a hundred things, but it is not singing. It does not stand before the world as its confident and wholehearted possessor. It is still true, that

> "'Twas a joyous God
> Who stretched out the splendor of things.
>
> But why are my brothers so still?
> They are building a lordly hall—
> They are building a palace there on the hill,
> But there's never a song in it all."

The most pathetic fact in the really pathetic conditions of our modern world is that the song has too much gone out of it. Therefore when we recount the forces needful for our progress and redemption, when we count up the benefits which may come from better legislation, from new city charters, from restraint of corporate greed, from a wiser distribution of wealth, from a keener sense of obligation, from a hundred things, let us not forget to name the great poet who shall teach men again to sing. This great poet will surely come; and when he comes he will not scorn the work or the materials of today. He will not run off to the feudal or mediæval times to find a theme dignified and grand, but he will interpret and illumine the things of today, until men shall find something beautiful and sacred in the common things of life; and they will sing *of* their work and *at* their work, just as Penelope and her maidens sang at the distaff, just as the mediæval guilds of workers sang in the festivals which we see now only in the pageantry of the stage. It will be a "new song" that men will sing, because it will be a song about themselves, and their own world, and their own life, and they will sing it heartily unto the Lord.

II.

But we must now turn from this broad field of illustration to a more restricted field. Let us make it plain that in the domain of the religious life men have expressed their faith in song, and their songs have interpreted the invisible world of faith and service, as they have at the moment beheld it. Consequently, as the horizon of their world widens, their songs change. They keep on singing, but they sing new songs.

It is one office of a religious hymnal to link us to history, as well as to our contemporary life. The "communion of the saints" implies that we must keep company with the men of the past, as well as with the men of today, although our point of view, our historical and theological setting, may have changed entirely. We sing the songs of ancient men, just as we read the ancient psalms, not because we should express our thoughts and beliefs in the same form, but because we are in sympathy with devoutness, and reverence, with trust, and aspiration wherever we may find it.

There are three hymns which illustrate three different epochs, and points of view, the mediæval or catholic, the Protestant of Luther's time, and the social spirit of today.

Take first the familiar hymn by Bernard of Morlaix, who lived at about the time of Dante. He was a monk of the Abbey of Cluny under Peter the Venerable, and he wrote a long poem entitled "The Contempt of the World," and from that poem a familiar group of hymns is taken. There is an austere charm about them, a witchery and fascination of language, which even in translation casts its spell upon us. There creeps over our spirits a sense of that pathetic weariness which had touched the saints who had given up the battle with the world, and were waiting in vigils for the Lord to come.

> "The world is very evil
> The times are waxing late;
> Be sober and keep vigil,
> The Judge is at the gate."

If we turn next to the great hymn of Luther, his "Ein' Feste Burg," we shall certainly be aware that we have come into a different atmosphere; we shall hear a man singing a new song unto the Lord. What a militant ring the hymn has! What a determined personal engagement with the devil whose personality this doughty Teutonic reformer did not question! You can almost see the inkstand flying to hit the wall where Luther flung it at his diabolic foe. And above all you hear the notes of justification by faith, and of the underlying sense of a transaction wrought by Christ outside man's life and for his redemption, which was the initial impulse of the Reformation theology, and which doubtless is still held unmodified by countless followers of the great Protestant reformer.

But there is a third hymn, which has crept into our hymnology from the Corn-law rhymes of Ebenezer Elliott. This man was the son of a Yorkshire radical. He was connected with the Chartist agitation in England, in the first half of the 19th century, and he wrote the clear, vigorous, earnest verses that bore the name of the Corn-law rhymes. And this is one of them.

> "When wilt Thou save the people?
> O God of mercy, when?
> Not kings and lords, but nations!

Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away,
Their heritage, a sunless day,
God save the people."

"Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
No, say Thy mountains; No, Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend, instead of sighs.
God save the people!"

Now this is a new song. And what is more it is a new song unto the Lord. It voices the nascent Christian faith of today better than does the despair of the world which we find in Bernard of Morlaix, and I am bold enough to believe even better than does the militant individualism of Martin Luther, because in it you get a glimpse of that tremendous tidal-wave of God's spirit that is sweeping over us, making us know at last that God is bent on a social redemption, a redemption of the world, and not merely of individuals out of the world. For although it is not possible to have a good world, unless men and women are individually, right-minded and moved by truth and love, still there is a vast difference between that, and being saved individually in order to make a safe exit from the present into the future life. And this brave hymn expresses something of the hope, the patience and the love in which the true saints of today, the Jane Addamses and the Graham Taylors are living and working.

"God save the people; Thine they are
Thy children as Thine angels fair.
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people."

III.

There is now one more path down whose vistas I ask you to look a little way. The subject has carried us far afield, and has projected itself on a somewhat gigantic scale. Let us bring it back to touch for a moment the meaning of these single lives of ours, these little lives bounded by the circle of our individuality. Here too the fact holds good that we sing songs which represent our measure of the experience of life, and our satisfaction with life—songs that voice the contentment of the soul.

For in the first place the child sings. The dear, happy songs of childhood—how beautiful, how untroubled, how blessed they are! What a good thing it is to be a child! What a blessed thing it is to have a happy childhood! And as the days draw near the Christmas time again, that true festival of childhood, let us strengthen in our hearts the purpose toward which we shall work wherever we may that children, the world over, may have not only the right to a happy childhood but the actual possession of it.

"Henceforth all things fulfil
Protection to each sacred birth.
No spot shall dare
Refuse a shelter. Beasts shall tread
More lightly; and distress,
And poverty, and loneliness,
Yea and all darkness, shall devise
To shield each place wherein an infant lies."

I doubt not that is it given to most parents to feel some pangs of regret as they see the childhood of their children slipping away from them—the dolls and the toys and the little relics of childhood becoming treasures and keepsakes, but no longer playthings. One by one enter the problems, the tasks, the maturing experience of life. The old untroubled world of childhood is shattered and its song is silent. Is there any father or mother so indifferent as not to feel the pain of a vicarious regret over such things as these?

Now what can relieve the situation of its pathos? Only the fact that there is a new song which in due time voices the new life, and the new world to which we enter. We find ourselves at length men and women with the mature tasks of men and women. We have put childish things away. We have heard a voice like that of Athene speaking to Telemachus, "You must not hold to childish ways, because you are no longer now the child you were." And somehow we begin to find that this mature, responsible life is good too, that we love it, and thank God for it! And we sing a new song in its praise.

If there is anything more pathetic than the momentary regret over a vanishing childhood, it is the hardening of that regret into a permanent mood, so that we never face the situations of our mature life resolutely and come to them with eagerness and delight. Have we already said, What a good thing it is to be a child? Let us also say, What a good thing it is to be full grown men and women! What a good thing it is to have a share in the world's work! What a good thing it is to be fathers and mothers, to be teachers of the generation pressing up from below, to be workers anywhere for "the God of things as they are!" When this new-created world of our maturing life rises full upon us, what a pity it is, what a terrible mistake somewhere, if we cannot hail it with joy and sing a new song unto the Lord and Giver of life!

But there is still one song, which blends with the songs of childhood and maturity. Slowly, one by one, we begin to gather up its notes, as this world of our finite employment widens and begins to take on the aspect of eternity. As the world itself grows larger, as its horizons extend, and we begin to look out on "the land that is very far off," we begin to see that there must somewhere be a song great enough to chant its meaning. There comes a time, therefore, in every normal life when it is quite possible to be serene and cheerful over the great transformation of death, because we come to see that it is so necessary to the completion of life. It is not necessary or normal to the child, for manhood is the completion of childhood. It is not necessary to the man eager at his task, for the task itself is for the moment his absorbing interest. But gradually we begin to see that incompletion is the law of finitude. "On the earth the broken arcs." And so the hungry soul reaches out for some completion of itself, some adequate fulfilment of its hopes and desires, some adequate assurance that "all we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist." Thus the mortal begins "to put on immortality." We find ourselves still working at the old familiar human tasks, taking joy in the daily round of things, living still amid all the dear realities of time and of men, but it is as when one walking in the old Pantheon at Rome, supposing himself shut in by the walls around him and the dome above him, suddenly stands beneath the open center of that dome and looks out into the far skies, and beholds the calm stars looking down upon him. In such a moment as that he is born into a larger world, and begins to sing its own new song. For so it is that

"In man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types,
Of a dim splendor ever on before,
In that eternal circle run by life:
For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
Their proper joys and griefs.
If I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast—its splendor soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom! I shall emerge one day!"

The Democratic Attitude of Mind.

We glory, as Americans, in our democracy. With those who declared our independence we assert that "All men were created equal"; with Lincoln we "highly resolve that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth." We look ashamed at the aristocratic organization of society in England; we distrust the elaborate civilization of Germany, whose Emperor still prates of ruling by divine right; we shudder at thought of a czar who is autocrat of all the Russias. Perhaps we even mock at the inconsistencies of that country where first was heard the cry of "Liberty, fraternity and equality." Here, we say, in our own beloved land, is the true freedom, brotherhood and equality; here, if nowhere else, exists a democratic government, a democratic society.

But, sometimes, just as our minds are filled with this noble thought and our hearts are thrilling with emotion, there comes a quiet critic who inquires: Are we then truly democratic in government? In society? Does equality of any sort really exist?

Like the child's house of cards, all our lovely structure of self-complacency topples down at this one light touch.

We are not purely democratic in government so long as some men, black or white, are kept by intimidation from the polls; so long as the law seems to be in league with the corporation against the workingman; so long as money can buy the privileges which plain justice would not grant.

We are not democratic in society with our talk of classes and masses, our four hundreds and first families, our infinite gradations of social levels, our vulgar demand that those below us shall "know their place."

We have no true equality even of opportunity. The country is full of self-made men, it is true. Here and there the errand boy becomes a merchant prince; the levee clerk, a king of finance. A rail-splitter once came to be president of the nation and the best beloved of his people. Even in these later days, some man may find his way from a log cabin to the White House; but it is difficult to imagine the children of the tenements finding their way even to decent living. In patriotic oratory, we hear much of the American boy's chance to rise. That chance may come to many, but not to all; not to the poverty-stricken in the slums of a great city; not to child laborers, exhausting their vitality in the deadening monotony and stupefying atmosphere of mine or factory.

All these failures of our boasted democracy we know sadly and well; they flash through our minds when we are challenged, and chill the fervor of our retort; and yet inarticulately we feel that somehow we have a sort of democracy, have come nearer than any other people to the democratic ideal. As we are struggling to put this into words, another dispassionate critic happens along and says: Some measure of democracy we have had; let us judge it by its fruits. It has given no art, no beautiful living. Of what use then has it all been? The pendulum may well swing back to the older ideal.

And then something hot rises within us and we reply: Democracy is not a theory to be questioned, an experiment to be justified by its practical results, as Franklin would have justified honesty. It is rather an eternal principle of right relations, as real and unquestioned as truth itself.

But our critics have done their work. Protest as we may, we realize that the whole subject has been opened for discussion, that we cannot rest till we have looked a little deeper. And first and foremost we ask: What is it to be democratic? What is the democratic spirit, the democratic attitude of mind?

"All men were created equal." We recite it like a creed. And yet we know quite well that all men were created unequal. Unequal we find them, not only in wealth and social position, in refinement and culture, but in their inherent ability and the very elements of character. We recognize these differences when we speak of the submerged tenth, the criminal class, of pauperism, of the captain of industry, the scholar, the poet, the saint. Perhaps, at heart, we would not have it otherwise. Certainly if human character were all on a monotonous level of equality, the novelist and playwright would fare ill.

At any rate, whether we will or not, the inequality exists. To deny it would be absurd. What then do we mean when we say that all men were created equal, and what did our Revolutionary fathers mean, and the French philosophers before them? First, of course, that all should be equal before the law, and, as far as possible, should have equal opportunities. But, beyond that, they meant to recognize the common humanity, the fundamental likeness of all men. This sort of equality no one is willing to deny. So we cannot get rid of either truth, but must leave them side by side; all men were created equal and all men were created unequal.

The proudest aristocrat does not quite deny the underlying likeness of men; the rankest democrat is not entirely blind to the unlikeness and inequality. It is all a matter of emphasis. To the aristocratic mind the unlikeness is the essential fact, the likeness something to be forgotten, save perhaps on a Sunday, when for the moment all men are miserable sinners. To the democratic mind the likeness is essential, differences and inequalities, but interesting variations on one dominant theme.

Your little child is your true democrat. When he sees another little child he points his chubby finger and cordially cries out: "Baby!" quite regardless of accidental differences in cleanliness and fineness of attire. He has seen another of his kind and this is enough. But "shades of the prison house begin to close upon the growing boy." We talk to him in pitying tones of *the poor*. Can he not spare some of his toys for the poor children? We tell him he should be thankful he has so good a home and as many blessings; we caution him against playing with certain children who are not *nice;* we send him to a select little school with a few other clean little children, and after a while we get it into his precious noddle that he is formed of different clay. Perhaps, however, I have used the wrong pronoun. We get it into *her* head that she is different; *he* is not so easily convinced.

Be that as it may, each little child starts anew with this enthusiasm for his fellows, and I should call the little child's attitude, grown-up, the democratic attitude of mind—spontaneous recognition of kinship with other human beings, a friendly interest in the basis of common humanity and comparative indifference to the inequalities that distinguish one from another. Or if we would define by a negative, the democratic attitude is never condescension. The democratic soul would not have joined in the petition offered by a clergyman at a public meeting: "Lord, make us obedient to our superiors and condescending to our inferiors."

This democratic attitude is a purely individual matter, natural to many minds, possible to any. It is independent of outward circumstances and may exist where the structure of society is thoroughly aristocratic. Yet, where democratic feeling largely prevails, social customs must gradually be modified by that sentiment and give a greater degree of equality to all. The cake of custom is hard to break, and our social forms still show the feudal mold, but the cake of custom must break when the forces beneath it become strong

enough, and, roughly speaking, social forms indicate the attitude of mind of the whole body of people.

In a general way, we all believe in the democratic attitude, think it is the position we ourselves take toward our fellows, and conceive our social order as founded on that principle.

It needs but a glance, however, to see that we are not free even from falsely aristocratic traditions. For there are two ways of being undemocratic: one is to exalt and magnify the trivial, accidental and superficial differences between men, as the inequalities of wealth and social station; the other is to be unduly absorbed in the real differences of power and character.

Even in that lower way we are still undemocratic. We have no recognized upper class, but we have the coarse print in the society column of Sunday's paper; in place of dukes and princes we point to millionaires and multimillionaires. Our social life is a network of fine distinctions of class. We invite some people to our table and others to our kitchen; we receive these at our front door and send those to the rear. You feel that you are condescending when you chat with the woman behind the counter; she would not be familiar with a factory girl; the factory girl still ranks above your cook.

Inconsistently, absurdly, changeably, society divides itself into class upon class, till we sometimes long for the established order of the older world. And yet so inconsistent, so absurd, so changeable is all this that we know it must vanish in time, is indeed already passing. We are told that English people are coming to think less of the accident of a title, and it may be that even American women will some day cease to value one. More and more the world cries with Burns:

> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that.

Many, indeed, take an advanced position with Mr. Dooley. "Isn't wan man as good as another?" he cries. "Yis, and betther, too."

But as the cruder forms vanish, it seems as though the undemocratic spirit were gaining strength in more subtle ways. Objecting to a false aristocracy, we set to work to build up what seems a true aristocracy, an aristocracy of intellect, of culture, of character and genuine worth.

Here, some would say, are the true standards by which to measure unlikeness, and he would be blind indeed who did not see their importance.

And yet, when we read of that man long ago who went up to the temple to pray, and, conscious of his own rectitude, thanked God he was not as other men were, we instinctively feel that his attitude was wrong. It was true enough that he was not as other men were, that he was one of the good people who had regard for the moral law; but he shouldn't have been thinking about it, he shouldn't have set himself off from his fellows with his fringes and phylacteries and prayers.

It is easy to see his error, crystallized as it is in the story; less easy and pleasant, perhaps, to get a clear view of our own position. Are there no Pharisees today? Pharisees of the better sort, not hypocrites, but men conscious of their own high standards, and quick to measure all others by their rigid rule. Do none of us unconsciously or sub-consciously divide the world into one kind and the other kind? Scorning frivolous standards of wealth and the accidents of lineage, I fear we are still very ready to measure each person we meet by certain other standards, and then to receive him into the chosen circle or cast him into outer darkness according as he stands the test.

It is not a simple matter to consistently maintain the democratic attitude. Indeed, to be truly and wholly democratic we must enter in at a strait gate and tread a very narrow way, a way that is easy to miss, for bypaths are continually leading off to a tempting road, the road of aristocratic pride and condescension.

Even in the name of religion, we stray from democratic ideals. Where there is no established church to arrogate to itself all dignity and precedence, each religious body is free to view itself as a chosen people. Said some one irreverently of one church: "The trouble with those people is they think the Lord is stuck on them." Possibly the saying is true of that church; it certainly is of most. Underneath our loyalty and devotion often lies exclusive pride; part of the missionary motive is self-satisfaction. Even the broader-minded are not always broader-spirited; much of their tolerance is but condescension, an admission that the truth is not for all. And when the passer-by scoffs, "Doubtless ye are the people and wisdom shall die with you," we seriously accept his verdict, the irony is lost.

Again, in the name of art, the undemocratic spirit holds sway. Here, as nowhere else, a sharp line is drawn between the few who believe themselves worthy and the many who know not the gods of art. To be appreciated by the few is often the avowed ambition of poet, painter or musician, and the few, responding, give discriminating praise or blame. In this inner circle, by virtue of his technical perfection, the second-rate artist gains his temporary fame, yet it is but temporary. He who attracts only the learned today, attracts not even the learned tomorrow. What names have come down through the ages or give promise of living on, save here and there that of some large-souled genius who has seen and loved humanity in all its forms and moods and has made the universal human appeal?

It was not for the cultivated few that Raphael painted the mother-look in a Madonna's face or Millet drew the weary lines of a drudging laborer's figure. It was not for musicians alone that Mendelssohn sang his songs without words, or Wagner voiced the passions of the gods. Homer, if we may believe the story, wandered far and wide, chanting to whoso would hear, his tale of love and courage, of the fireside and the dim gray sea, of wanderings, war and death.

And what of Shakespeare? He has been called undemocratic because his plays are not tracts on socialism, or pleas for the workingman's rights. True it is that his poet's fancy revelled in the society of lords and ladies, the pomp and pageantry of courts, yet he who drew the trusty servant and faithful fool, whose mobs though easily moved, were moved by the higher appeal; he who held the mirror up to Nature was a real lover of mankind. Again it is true that the poet's finer thought is only to be grasped as our minds are attuned to it, yet he wrote generously for all; for the Wyoming cowboy, who sees in Prince Hal "a jim-dandy boy," and for the scholar brooding over Hamlet, for the pit as well as the boxes, for wisdom and folly alike.

We might well hesitate to ask of the artist that he try to appeal to our dull ears, half-seeing eyes and uncultivated minds, yet the artists who make the largest, most human appeal prove to be the truly great. So the democratic attitude is vindicated where most it is scorned, in the realm of art.

In other realms we often find the democratic attitude not scorned, but rather unrecognized. Even philanthropists and charity-workers, reformers and missionaries sometimes fail to be genuinely democratic, in spite of their zeal for humanity, perhaps because of it. When they talk overmuch of the poor, the needy, the ignorant, the fallen, the unregenerate, we may suspect that these unfortunate people have lost their personality and have become just types or cases. And when a philanthropist feels an overweaning desire to remodel the lives of others strictly according to his own

design, he will do well to think twice before he acts. Let him not forget what the "Gentle Reader" says of tact, that it is the art of withholding from others information which we feel sure would be good for them. Or if our philanthropist scorns so frivolous a person as the "Gentle Reader," let him listen to one of his own profession. Says Miss Addams: "It is possible to cultivate the impulses of the benefactor until the power of attaining a simple human relationship with the beneficiaries, that of frank equality with them, is gone, and there is left no mutual interest in a common cause."

If reformers are sometimes condescending to their inferiors, more subtle, exasperatingly aristocratic are the spiritually elect, those who are so conscious of their own spiritual insight that they dwell in a land apart, quite secluded from the sordid lives of the vulgar herd. We should waste breath in begging them to recognize the common humanity of us all, for they see a wall so high between their esoteric circle and the uninitiate that they scarcely believe that joy and sorrow, hope and love are known outside that wall.

The number of these spiritual aristocrats is few, however, and for every one we shall count hundreds who are dominated by pride of race. Deep-rooted in the necessities of primitive civilization, the tendency to exalt one's own race and distrust all others has grown into the very fiber of human nature. Because our ancestors of some thousands of years ago could not have survived as a nation without building barriers between themselves and all strange peoples, we today must still lift our brows at the foreigner.

The attitude is instinctive and few take any other. To most of us some peoples are "Gentiles or lesser breeds without the law." He who cannot speak our tongue is still the barbarian. Frenchman and German make faces at each other over the border; the Irishman has small faith in "them Dagoes." The Scandinavian farmer, seeking ten petitioners for a traveling library in his community, says, " Die is all Yermans over dere in de oder road. I don't tink die vill care for a library." "I hate him, for he is a Christian," mutters Shylock, and his farther explanation is not needed.

This attitude is not merely instinctive, however, but is often defended by argument and calm philosophy. Good and wise men in the South quite frankly hold that the day has not yet come when race barriers may safely be torn down, that the security of our nation depends upon the maintenance of a privileged aristocracy of white people. They are not without sound arguments, which a mere whiff of sentiment shall not lightly blow away.

And, indeed, a protest against this position would come ill from those who are quite content that our little brown brother in the far East should be kept in subjection, or those who will not even admit that he is our brother, that treacherous Filipino. As a nation, we seem to be taking a more and more superior attitude toward those who are not of our type and our ideas. We are fast drifting toward the point—some of the older nations are already there—where we thank God we are not as other men are, and then proceed to make them as we are or kill them in the process. This is the white man's burden; who shall dare decline it?

Some there be who do decline that burden. They may be convinced by a study of history that the future is in the hands of the Caucasion race, especially the Aryan family; they may even narrow down this destiny to the Anglo-Saxon branch, but they do not therefore find it necessary to treat as inferiors all individuals of other descent.

There was one white man exiled by fate to an island in the Pacific, who was wise enough to treat the island people as their childlike nature demanded, but modest enough to respect their customs, and human enough to be interested in them one by one, and when those island people toiled up the difficult hillside to carry Fusitala to his high resting place it was not a white man that they mourned but a brother.

He was not quite alone, this Stevenson, in his respectful attitude toward a strange people. Some few others there are who have so far outgrown those old primitive prejudices that they can see the man under a darker color and hear him in an unfamiliar speech. The truest democracy does not flinch even before the question of race.

Though we may be immune from the more malignant forms of race prejudice, and from religious pride as well, though we be neither artists nor mystics nor philanthropists, to feel their peculiar temptations, there are still a hundred ways to depart from the spirit of democracy. Most of us have our own fashion of thanking God we are not as other men and of being condescending to our inferiors. Most of us live in a tiny world whose inhabitants have common tastes and similar manners. We read books to broaden our experience, but are narrow and uncultivated nevertheless because we do not know humanity. And when we do look out at the great world beyond our windows we see classes and classes of people, all somehow below us. We call them "that sort of people." We say "people of that class do not care for such and such things."

Indeed, if we would be truly democratic we must cease to think of people in classes, for never did any one divide the world in that manner without setting his own class ahead of others. Individuals we may look up to, but classes never. And is this not inevitable? We fall far short of our ideals and yet to some degree we live according to them. The people who are of our way of thinking and living represent the best we know of the art of life, and if we rank men in classes then we must place above others those to whom we feel we belong, however humble our claim.

The student of social science, indeed, must classify mankind, for the handmaid to all science is classification, yet let him beware lest his fellowmen become to him mere types. One may pluck the petals from a flower, call it by some Latin name, and still perceive one's love of flowers; so, too, it is possible to classify humanity and still care for men and women; but a danger lurks here, the danger of losing sight of the individuals between these rigid bars of division.

We may not grow broad-spirited and human simply by avoiding classification, but we can be guided by our natural sympathy and sense of justice, if these fail, by a sense of humor. When we find ourselves in an exalted position, condescending to our inferiors, our sense of humor, if allowed free play, will speedily tumble us down to common earth.

By one means or another certainly many people preserve, in the main, the democratic attitude. This shows itself in divers ways, according to temperament. The feeling which in a philosophical mind is a quiet recognition of equality flames out in an emotional nature as a passion of brotherhood, which demands the best that life can give for all mankind. It demanded once that human slavery should end in this land of the free. The nation responded, and, at a terrible cost, declared again that all men were created equal. The same passion of brotherhood is demanding now that all our children shall have a chance to live and grow in the sunshine, and, little by little, tenements are improving, breathing spaces are appearing in the slums, the factories are closing their doors to the child. It will not cease its demands till every human being has "full and free occasion to live his best life."

This is the spirit which made possible that daring

experiment at Brook Farm, the soul behind every communistic enterprise, the truth underlying all the mistakes of socialism.

It is a spirit which is growing stronger. And when our critic asks: Has our experiment in democracy been justified; has it given us art and beautiful living? we may answer: If not, perhaps that is because our experiment is not yet complete.

But will it give us a beautiful manner of life; will it give us more of sweetness and light? I do not know.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

From McClure, Phillips & Co. I have received a book of sterling merit entitled *The Shame of the Cities,* by Lincoln Steffens. To say that the book is agreeable reading would hardly be true; but it certainly is valuable reading. The chapter on Chicago is entitled *Half Free and Fighting On.* Philadelphia is spoken of in another chapter as *Corrupt and Contented.* St. Louis, of course, comes in for a thorough overhauling. The glorious hope of the day is that a new set of leaders is coming to the front. Among these are Folk, of Missouri; Douglas, of Massachusetts; La Follette, of Wisconsin—men in both parties—some defeated at the late election, but nevertheless discovered by the people. These men are going to lead us in a new and determined struggle with grafting and other forms of political and social rottenness.

The Macmillan Co. send me another novel by Upton Sinclair, called *Manassas.* This is a delightful novel, as a love story. Historically the life is of decided value. In fact, not a few pages are pure history. I should have to look very far for any better description of the climax of the slavery discussion, the nomination of Fremont, the discussions that followed, and the election of Lincoln—with its consequences than are to be found in chapter first of the second part of this book. The description of the battle of Manassas is certainly one of the finest pieces of work I have ever read—of the kind.

From the same company I have a charming work entitled *The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen.* Rugen is an island that lies just out of Germany, and the author describes her adventures in an excursion around this island. You will be delighted with every line of the book. The people, the adventures and the scenery are all equally quaint and interesting. The only trouble about a book of this kind is that it is too short—which is better than can be said of most of the books of the present holidays.

While I cannot review my own book, *The Country Home,* I may be permitted to praise the work of the publishers, McClure Phillips & Co., for their enterprise in issuing a Country Home Series—of which my book is the initial volume. The object of this series is to assist those who are seeking to make a home in the country. The intent is to make a thoroughly readable set of books; but every way devoid of transitory importance. It is desired to make them of permanent value, to constitute A Country Library. Next spring I shall add to the series another volume, entitled In the Orchard and Fruit Garden. Meanwhile Miss Bennett presents a third volume, and an exceedingly good one on the flower garden.

He That Eateth Bread With Me is a novel by H. A. Mitchell Keays published by McClure, Phillips & Co. This is certainly a book that holds a large number of goods things, yet it holds so much of the upper class rot that I wish it had never been written. These women that cannot possibly live without chasing after other women's husbands should have public hospitals where they can work out of their brains psychological rubbish that has been encouraged and developed by conventional home life, empty church life and just such books as this one. We don't need to hear about them; we want them cured. If they are to be pitied, so are other mischief makers to be pitied. They are certainly not to be taken as representatives of anything like normal life and character. If a woman has made a bad match the grandest thing in this world is for her to make the best of it; and if she really sets out to make the best of it she will at least make something pretty good. On the contrary, if she allows other men to trespass on her husband's rights, or if she lets her mind dally with dishonor she will raise the devil, and make him a permanent member of her household. For one I am thoroughly sick of that literature which undertakes to analyze the sentiments of people that are off the track morally. The only place for married women is on the track. If they will stay there they will get somewhere; if they don't they will get into the rubbish pile.

Beside all these we have the history of the United States, in ten parts and ten volumes, written by Chancellor and Hewes, and published by the Putnams. Part first of this set is already on the market, covering the period of colonization. This is a record of the settlement of the twelve English colonies. It is proposed to make this history an account of three centuries of progress, in industries and civilization. What are we to do with all these histories? I shall try to analyze their distinctive purport, and report. Meanwhile we have that splendid piece of work, which I noted recently, entitled the Monroe Doctrine—the work of T. B. Edington and published by Little, Brown & Co. I spoke of this work with unstinted praise. I now dissent sharply from one or two points. He approves Senator Lodge's position, who says: "I believe the way to preserve peace is to provide such a navy as no power in the world would care to encounter." The author also endorses Captain Hobson's silly remark at the late Mohonk Conference, where he said that he favored disarmament "by giving the nation that stands for peace the power to command peace. Then she will stop war, and when the other nations have disarmed, she will disarm." This is total nonsense. Did England stop war by building the hugest navy in the world? Did Van Tromp stop war when he swept the seas with the Dutch fleet? On the contrary, other nations undertook just as large fleets. If the United States takes up the European notion of commanding the world, other nations will have something to say about it. The Holy Alliance ordered peace over all the world in 1823. The result was war in every direction and the Monroe Doctrine on this continent to prevent unceasing war here. It will be a pity if Mr. Edington does not withdraw his endorsement of this false principle.

Beside the above the *Outlook* is publishing, in connection with a London firm, *"The Historians' History of the World."* A volume of this history was laid on my table, and I opened it with the expectation of finding another big moneymaking enterprise. I have been surprised and pleased to find that each volume is a masterpiece by itself, or contains monographs by the ablest historians of the world. I can say to those who can afford these twenty-five volumes that it is as good as a library of the best authors.

E. P. Powell.

THE HOME.

All Contributions for This Department Should Be Sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—The power of a religion is more to be judged by its action on the individual soul than by its corporate action.

Mon.—Pleasures that are in themselves innocent lose their power of pleasing if they become the sole or main object of pursuit.

Tues.—Excessive indulgence in emotion that does not end in action tends rather to deaden than to stimulate the moral nerve.

Wed.—There is one thing worse than corruption—acquiescence in corruption.

Thurs.—The strongest man is not always the most ardent climber, and the tranquil valleys have to many a greater charm than the lofty pinnacles.

Fri.—One of the most important lessons that experience teaches is that on the whole and in the great majority of cases, success in life depends more on character than on either intellect or fortune.

Sat.—The value of money as an element of happiness diminishes rapidly in proportion to its amount.

—*The Map of Life, by W. E. H. Lecky.*

Kiddies and Grown-Ups Too-oo-oo.

The Camel's lump is an ugly hump
Which well you may see at the zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
We get the hump—
Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head
And a snarly-yarly voice.
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
At our bath and our boots and our toys.

And there ought to be a corner for me
(And I know there is one for you)
When we get the hump—
Cameelious hump—
The hump that is black and blue.

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire.

And then you will find that the sun and the wind
And the Djinn of the garden, too,
Have lifted the hump—
The horrible hump—
The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo—
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo—
We all get hump—
Cameelious hump—
Kiddies and grown-ups, too!

—*Just So Stories, by Rudyard Kipling.*

The Reverent Child.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care..

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Gibbies.

In a New England town a good many years ago were two little girls, cousins and "best friends."

One was named Edith and the other Nan.

One day in the long summer vacation they were sitting on one of their favorite perches high in an apple tree talking. "Nan," said Edith, "I saw our 'adopted grandfather' yesterday, and he looked nicer than ever. His hair was as white as snow and his face so kind and peaceful. Do you suppose he'd like it if he knew he was our 'adopted grandfather?' "I don't know, I'm sure. As we don't even know his name we aren't likely to ever know him to talk to, and I think it's just as nice anyway to see him on the street once in a while and play he is our grandfather." "How old do you suppose he is?" asked Edith. "Oh, he must be ninety, I'm sure. Wouldn't it be fun to be very, very old and have grandchildren and tell them about all the things you did when you were little!" "Yes," said Edith, and tucking her lips over her teeth she began an imaginary conversation as an old lady: "Now, children, when I was a little girl I had to go to a sewing class and learn to sew and I wore a thimble on this finger. Let me show you a thimble, my dears. Don't laugh, children; every little girl had a thimble when I was your age.

"I suppose," she went on, in her natural tone, "that thimbles will really not be used when I am a grandmother. Probably every one will use sewing machines, or some new invention," and she began to hum "There's a Good Time Coming."

But Nan's eyes were shining with an idea as she listened to Edith, and her words came quickly: "Edith, why not put away things to show to our grandchildren? We have such fun. Let's write about it, and get some boxes and put things in them and keep them all our lives!" "Of course," cried Nan, "we can begin now and keep on all our lives putting things in, and then, if we have any grandchildren that are like us they can know about us and perhaps do some of the very things we do!" "Let's go up in the attic now and look for some old trunks or boxes."

The apple tree where they were seated was really two trees growing close together. One had convenient branches to climb up on, and the other for about fifteen feet was a plain incline to the ground—worn slippery by many sliding children.

Edith dropped over easily to this "Lightning Express" and slid to the ground while Nan nearly as quickly climbed down on the branches. "I promised mother," she said, in explanation, "that I wouldn't go down the 'lightning express' in this dress—it tears most unreasonably."

Up to the interesting old garret they went. They soon found two small empty or nearly empty chests which had already an appropriately old look and they bore them down stairs to Edith's room with enthusiasm.

"Lovely, aren't they?" said Nan. "I feel as if I was a hundred this minute and about to open this chest with reverent fingers and show the treasures of my childhood to a circle of real grandchildren. A Granny Box is a delightful idea." "Granny Box! That's just the name and it can be G. B. for short, and *Gibby* is just the thing for every day use and no one will know what it means!" Then the two little girls ran down stairs in search of Edith's mother to ask permission to have the boxes. "What for, my dears?" asked Mrs. Shaw. "For *Gibbies!*" said both children together, with such intensity that Mrs. Shaw, who was very busy, laughed and said, "That sounds most important and mysterious. You may certainly have them for *'Gibbies!'*"

E. T. K.

Errata—The Helps to High Living in our last issue were from "the School and Society," by John Dewey. The error arose from the proper credit being given to the succeeding poem by James Whitcomb Riley:

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Carpenter of Galilee.

"Is not this the carpenter, son of Mary?"—Mark vi, 3.

No dreamer He, who spoke of toil,
Whose simple message to us all
Breathed with the savor of the soil
And thrilled with its compelling call.
No dreamer, for he knew the worth
That grows with striving—did this One—
This greatest workman of the earth,
The Carpenter of Galilee.

He knew the striving and the stress
Of labor; He could understand
The soul-depressing weariness
That often comes to heart and hand;
He knew how weary night and day
Brought heavy longings for relief—
He, too, had walked on Sorrow's way
And He was well acquaint with Grief.

But He knew also of the strength
That grows with striving—did this One—
The confidence that comes at length
In viewing all that is well done.
The endlessness of Labor's quest
Was His; and He said: "Come to Me
All ye that labor, and find rest"—
This Carpenter of Galilee.

Ah, learning that is not of schools,
And knowledge that is gathered in
From comradeship of bench and tools!
He knew what battles were to win
In daily toilings; and He knew
The satisfaction and the pride
Of doing best what one may do—
And that is labor glorified.

Perchance He looked from out the door
With prescient eyes, and saw the lands
Where all our toil should cease—and more,
He saw the House Not Made with Hands—
The end of all His laborings,
The dwelling that He said should be;
This Man of Great and Common Things,
The Carpenter of Galilee.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

Foreign Notes.

IS THE BETTER DAY COMING?—A UNITY reader from New Harmony writes: "While I wait rather impatiently for Peace and Unity, I am taking solid comfort in showing your 'Foreign Notes' of Dec. 8th UNITY, prefacing the same with Huxley's prophecy, as also one from Emerson which closes with a cancellation of all creeds and philosophies—so I take it.

"Old as I am, that meeting in Rome encourages one to think that I shall live to participate in the 'action' to which our friend Emerson alludes."

The following are the "prophecies" alluded to. The first is found in a letter from Huxley to his wife dated Baden, Aug. 8, 1873:

"We are in the midst of a gigantic movement greater than that which preceded and produced the Reformation, and really only the continuation of that movement. But there is nothing new in the ideas which lie at the bottom of the movement nor is any reconcilement possible between free thought and traditional authority. One or the other will have to succumb after a struggle of unknown duration, which will have as side issues vast political and social troubles. I have no more doubt that free thought will win in the long run than I have that I sit here writing to you, or that this free thought will organize itself into a coherent system embracing human life and the world as one harmonious whole. But this organization will be the work of *generations* of men, and those who further it most will be those who teach men to rest in no lie, and to rest in no verbal delusion. I may be able to help a little in this direction—perhaps I may have helped already."

The New Harmony correspondents finds in the great Freethinkers' Congress at Rome an indication of how much has been accomplished in *one* generation. Her quotation from Emerson is this, from his Journal, as given in Cabot's Memoir, vol. 2, p. 391:

"We wish to sum the conflicting impressions by saying that all point at last to a unity which inspires all, but disdains words and passes understanding. Our poetry, our religions, are its skirts and penumbras. Yet the charm of life is the hints we derive from this. They overcome us like perfumes from a far off shore of sweetness, and their meaning is that no tongue shall syllable it without leave; that only itself can name it; that by casting ourselves in it and being its voice it rushes each moment to positive commands, creating men and methods. If we attempt to define it we say nothing.

"We must first affirm the endless possibilities in every man that is born, but if we affirm nothing else, we are checked in our speech by the need of recognizing that every fact contains the same, until speech presently becomes rumbling, general, indefinite and mere tautology. The only speech will at last be action."

It is interesting to compare with all this some of the ringing words in Mr. Jones' last sermon, on the Decline of the Ministry. M. E. H.

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